

PETER PARLEY'S  
**PRIMER.**



Philadelphia :  
THOMAS T. ASH—148 CHESTNUT STREET.





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AIG 66

1835

~~CHMRB~~

CHMRB

# PARLEY'S PRIMER.





BOY AND RABBIT.



SUMMER.



PÈTER PARLEY'S

P R I M E R .

22



WITH ENGRAVINGS.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1835, BY SAMUEL G. GOODRICH,

IN THE DISTRICT CLERK'S OFFICE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY T. T. ASH.

1835.



PARLEY'S PRIMER.

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A

B

C

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E

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PARLEY'S PRIMER.

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<b>a</b>	<b>b</b>	<b>c</b>	<b>d</b>
<b>e</b>	<b>f</b>	<b>g</b>	<b>h</b>
<b>i</b>	<b>j</b>	<b>k</b>	<b>l</b>
<b>m</b>	<b>n</b>	<b>o</b>	<b>p</b>
<b>q</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>s</b>	<b>t</b>
<b>u</b>	<b>v</b>	<b>w</b>	<b>x</b>
	<b>y</b>	<b>z</b>	



## THE ALPHABET.

<b>z</b>	<b>w</b>	<b>s</b>	<b>o</b>	<b>k</b>	<b>c</b>	<b>f</b>
<b>t</b>	<b>l</b>	<b>h</b>	<b>v</b>	<b>r</b>	<b>n</b>	<b>u</b>
<b>x</b>	<b>i</b>	<b>b</b>	<b>d</b>	<b>m</b>	<b>a</b>	<b>j</b>
	<b>e</b>	<b>g</b>	<b>y</b>	<b>q</b>	<b>p</b>	

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<b>D</b>	<b>H</b>	<b>L</b>	<b>P</b>	<b>T</b>	<b>X</b>	<b>Z</b>
<b>B</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>J</b>	<b>N</b>	<b>R</b>	<b>V</b>	<b>Y</b>
<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>K</b>	<b>O</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>W</b>	<b>A</b>
	<b>E</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>M</b>	<b>Q</b>	<b>U</b>	



A a	<i>A a</i>	N n	<i>N n</i>
B b	<i>B b</i>	O o	<i>O o</i>
C c	<i>C c</i>	P p	<i>P p</i>
D d	<i>D d</i>	Q q	<i>Q q</i>
E e	<i>E e</i>	R r	<i>R r</i>
F f	<i>F f</i>	S s	<i>S s</i>
G g	<i>G g</i>	T t	<i>T t</i>
H h	<i>H h</i>	U u	<i>U u</i>
I i	<i>I i</i>	V v	<i>V v</i>
J j	<i>J j</i>	W w	<i>W w</i>
K k	<i>K k</i>	X x	<i>X x</i>
L l	<i>L l</i>	Y y	<i>Y y</i>
M m	<i>M m</i>	Z z	<i>Z z</i>

## FIRST TRIAL OF SPELLING.

ab	eb	ib	ob	ub
ac	ec	ic	oc	uc
ad	ed	id	od	ud
af	ef	if	of	uf
ag	eg	ig	og	ug
ak	ek	ik	ok	uk
al	el	il	ol	ul
am	em	im	om	um



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an	en	in	on	un
ap	ep	ip	op	up
as	es	is	os	us
at	et	it	ot	ut
ba	be	bi	bo	bu
da	de	di	do	du
fa	fe	fi	fo	fu
ha	he	hi	ho	hu
ja	je	ji	jo	ju

ka ke ki ko ku

la le li lo lu

ma me mi mo mu

na ne ni no nu

pa pe pi po pu

ra re ri ro ru

sa se si so su

ta te ti to tu

wa we wi wo wu





AXE.  
axe.



BOY.  
boy.



COW.  
cow.



DOG.  
dog.



EGG.  
egg.



FOX.  
fox.



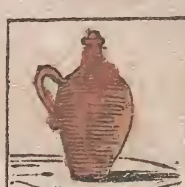
GIRL.  
girl.



DUCK.  
duck.



Ink.  
ink.



JUG.  
jug.



KID.  
kid.



LEG.  
leg.



MAN.  
man.



NUT.  
nut.



OWL.  
owl.



POT.  
pot.



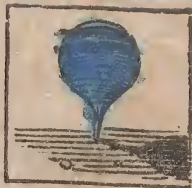
QUAIL.  
quail.



RAT.  
rat.



SHIP.  
ship.



TOP.  
top.



URN.  
urn.



VINE.  
vine.



BOW.  
bow.



BOX.  
box.



YOUTH.  
youth.



ZEE.  
zee.

PIG

pig

CUP

cup

HEN

hen



## SPELLING LESSON.

Ant	Fish	Quill
Bush	Inn	Flies
Deer	Leaps	Horse
Field	Near	Key
Hung	Plant	Mouse
Land	Stone	Runs
Nag	Walks	Small
Pond	Bird	Wren
Seal	Elk	Bear
Tall	Goose	Pig
Cat	Jay	Toad
Duck	Land	Vase
Band	Price	Sand
Rice	Oak	True



The ant crawls.



The bird flies.



The cat jumps.



The deer runs.



The elk is tall.



The fish has a tail.

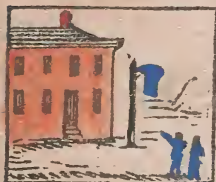


The goose has two feet





The horse has four legs.



The inn has a sign.



The jay is on a tree.



The key is hung up.



The lamb jumps.



The mouse eats.



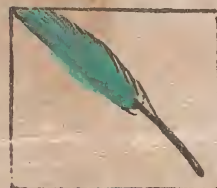
The nag trots.



The oak is a tree.



The pig runs fast.



The quill is good.



The bear has four legs.



The seal is on a rock.



The toad is in his hole.



The duck is in the pond.





The vase has a plant  
in it.



The wren is on a stick.



The fox has a goose.



The boy runs fast.



Zee is in a book.

Do you know how to read?

Have you been taught to spell?



This dog stands still.  
He has four legs.



This dog runs fast.  
He is a good dog.



This dog jumps. He  
barks at the pigs.



This cat climbs a  
tree. She will  
catch a bird.





This cat jumps. She tries to catch a mouse.



This cat plays with a ball. She is a good puss.



This horse eats hay; the hay is on the ground.



This horse trots fast. He has four feet, and a long tail.



This cow eats grass; she  
loves the grass, for it is  
sweet.



This cow stands in the  
pond. Her feet will get  
wet.

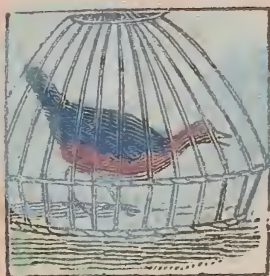


This cow has a calf. She  
loves her calf, and will  
not let you hurt it.



The hen eats the corn. She  
picks up the corn with  
her bill.





The hen is in the coop ;  
she would be glad to get  
out.



The lamb is on a rock ; he  
will jump off. He will  
not get hurt.

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### SPELLING LESSON.

brook	still	sheep	corn
climbs	calf	grass	coop
cats	leaps	locks	jumps
rock	scares	plays	both
books	school	ground	mouth
bird	swings	boys	fast
dogs	hand	hat	give
send	lend	bind	find



The boys run fast.  
They both run  
as fast as they  
can.



The two boys go to  
school. One boy  
has a bag with  
books in it.



The two boys sit  
on the ground and  
play. They love  
to play.





The boy plays with the dog. The dog loves to play with the boy.



The dog has got the boy's hat in his mouth.



The boy has a bird on his hand. The bird tries to talk.

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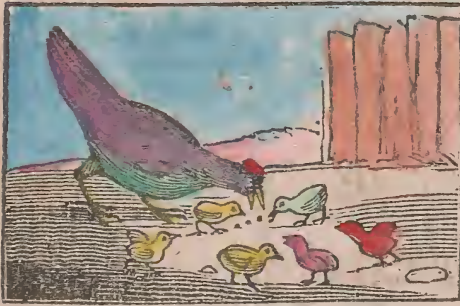
SPELLING LESSONS.

here	slap	goose	shows
down	swim	stands	his
has	net	lid	hurt
fur	knows	like	sharp
nails	tame	feeds	sweet
bite	legs	girls	steals

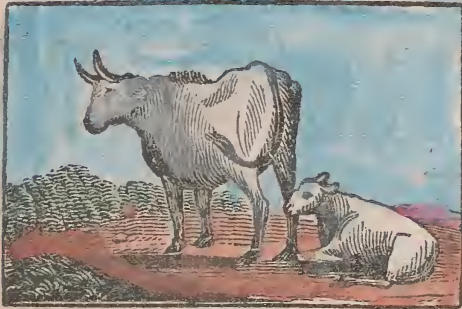
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chickens	easy	retort
goslings	many	rabbit
water	being	turned
barking	window	carry
playing	nothing	sober
together	every	frolic
scamper	minding	shining





The hen has six chickens ; she shows them how to eat.



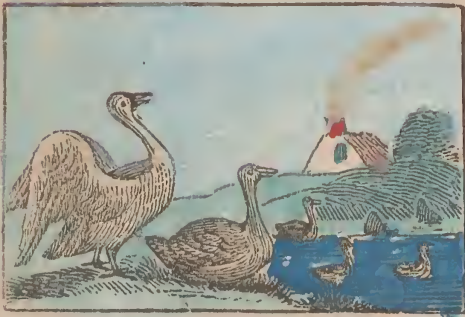
The cow stands still, and the sheep lies down by her side.



The two lambs are playing together. How they scamper about !



The dog is barking  
at the sheep. But  
the sheep will not  
let the dog hurt her  
lamb.



The two geese are by  
the river, and the  
goslings swim in  
the water.



The goose has four  
goslings. The gos-  
lings swim in the  
pond.



## SPELLING LESSON.

field	graves	romps	scratch
night	bright	tears	match
right	light	wears	latch
height	fight	shears	hatch
fright	sight	fears	patch
live	strive	hive	drive
geese	fowls	prowls	wolf

---

about	tuesday	into
father	kitten	other
mother	freedom	pretty
printer	rabbit	daily
pointer	creatures	pensive
stately	quilted	pasture



## THE KITTENS.

THE kittens are playing in the parlor. They are pretty creatures, with soft fur and paws like velvet.

But in these soft paws there are sharp nails, and if you hurt one of these kittens, she will scratch you.

By and by the kittens will be cats; then they will catch mice, and eat them.

Cats can climb trees, and they will not fall off. They love to walk in the fields, where no one can see them.

Cats can see in the dark. They go out at night and catch birds.





## THE TAME RABBIT.

THE boy has a tame rabbit. The rabbit's name is Bun: he feeds on clover and sweet apples.

He is very timid, and will not bite. If a dog comes near, he runs away as fast as his legs can carry him.

Bun has a sober face, but he loves a frolic at night; when all the girls and boys are asleep, and the moon is shining bright, he steals out into the field, and has a real game of romps, with the other rabbits.

Some rabbits are tame, and some are wild. The wild rabbits will run away when they see you.

## THINGS TO REMEMBER.

1. Always keep your hands and face clean.
2. Wash your hands before you eat.
3. Do not eat in a greedy manner like a pig.
4. Never slam the doors ; go quietly up and down stairs ; never make a loud noise in the house.
5. Avoid three things, a pouting face, angry looks, and angry words.
6. Be kind to your brothers and sisters.
7. Do as your parents bid you, always. Do nothing that your parents would dislike.
8. Never hurt a bird, or a dog, or a hen, or a goose, or a frog, or a toad, if you can help it.
9. Be kind and gentle to all living things.
10. Remember that God made all creatures to be happy ; and do not you prevent their being so, without good reason for it.



## HOW TO COUNT.

Do you know how to count? Begin.

One

Eleven

Two

Twelve

Three

Thirteen

Four

Fourteen

Five

Fifteen

Six

Sixteen

Seven

Seventeen

Eight

Eighteen

Nine

Nineteen

Ten

Twenty

---

How many fingers have you on one hand?

How many fingers on both hands?

How many ears has a cat?

How many feet has a dog?

How many legs has a chair?

How many legs have two chairs?

How many legs have two hens?

How many legs have three geese?

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## OF NUMBERS AND FIGURES.

One	1	Eleven	11
Two	2	Twelve	12
Three	3	Thirteen	13
Four	4	Fourteen	14
Five	5	Fifteen	15
Six	6	Sixteen	16
Seven	7	Seventeen	17
Eight	8	Eighteen	18
Nine	9	Nineteen	19
Ten	10	Twenty	20

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What number is this, 5?—this, 4?—this, 3?—this, 6?—this, 7?—this, 2?—this, 8?—this, 9?—this, 10?—&c.



## PART II.

## SPELLING LESSON.

peeping	repose	awake
heaven	watches	mountain
parents	friendship	darken
mercies	humane	plaintive
crowing	inspire	filling
singing	darkness	sinking
glances	prayers	retire
yellow	father	assist
rising	being	respect
setting	mankind	ashamed
shadows	meadow	safety



## M O R N I N G .

JAMES, it is now morning. The sun is just peeping over the hills in the east. Get up, get up, my boy, for the sun has just risen !

I hope you have said your prayers, and thanked your Father in Heaven for all his goodness. I hope you have thanked him for your good health, and the blessings of a home, of kind parents, of tender friends, of pleasant books, and all your other enjoyments.

Never forget, before you leave your room, to thank God for his kindness. He is indeed kinder to us than any earthly parent.

Let us now go out of doors. How beautifully the



sun shines upon the hills! How glorious a thing is the sun, and how much like that Being who dwells in the Heavens, sending down his mercies upon mankind, as the sun sheds its light and its warmth upon the world!

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## THINGS TO REMEMBER DURING THE DAY.

1. Never tell a lie; never deceive.
2. Do every thing your parents have told you to do, with a pleasant face.
3. Never do any thing you fear to tell your parents you have done.
4. Do nothing that you wish to hide from God; for if you wish to hide it ever so much, He knows it all.
5. Hurt no living thing if you can avoid it, not even a fly. Do not torment geese, pigs, ducks, or other creatures, by throwing stones at them.



## MORNING.

'T is morning now, the cock is crowing,  
The men are in the meadow mowing,  
The sparkling dew is on the ground,  
And birds are singing all around.  
The bustling wren with noisy throat  
Sends on the breeze his twittering note;  
The gentle blue-bird glances by,  
The swallow seeks the buzzing fly,  
The busy robin builds her nest,  
The meadow lark, with yellow crest,  
Amid the dewy grass is stealing,  
The crow is o'er the mountain wheeling;  
The mist is rising from the lake,  
So, girls and boys, wake, awake !



## EVENING.

It is evening. The sun is setting behind the mountains, and the shadows begin to darken in the forest.

The birds have ceased to sing, except a lonely robin or a thrush, that sits upon the top of a tree, and sings a plaintive hymn.

The farmer has left the field and is going to his happy home; the bee is silent in the hive, the buzzing insects are still, and the fowls of the barn-yard, who, a little while since, were filling the air with their cackle, are now heard no more.

All around us seems to seek repose, and the very hills and valleys appear to be sinking into gentle sleep. We too must soon retire to our pillows; but before we close our eyes, let us lift up our hearts in adoration of

that Great Being who never sleeps, but watches over us, as the shepherd watches over his flock.

Let us ask his forgiveness for our faults, and his aid to avoid every sin. Let us seek his friendship, and ask him to assist us in being kind and amiable to our brothers and sisters, and companions; in being gentle and humane to every living thing; in obedience and love to our parents; in respect to the aged; in kindness to the sick and unfortunate, and in charity to the poor.

Above all, let us ask him to fill our hearts with love for him; to inspire us with a love of every thing that is good; with a dislike of every thing that is evil. Let us ask him to make us love to tell the truth, and be ashamed to tell a lie.

Let us ask him to watch over us in our sleep when darkness is around us, and none but he is awake to keep us from evil.

Having done this we may safely resign ourselves to sleep, in the full confidence that whatever may happen, God is our protector and friend.



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THINGS TO THINK OF AT NIGHT.

1. If you have done any thing during the day that is wrong, ask forgiveness of God and your parents.

2. Remember that you should learn some good thing every day ; if you have learnt nothing all day, that day is lost.

3. If any one has done you wrong, before you go to sleep, forgive him in your heart.

4. Do not go to sleep with hatred in your heart toward any one.

5. If you have spoken unkind words to a brother or sister, go and ask forgiveness.

6. If you have disobeyed your parents, go and confess it.

7. Ask God to aid you always to do good, and avoid evil.

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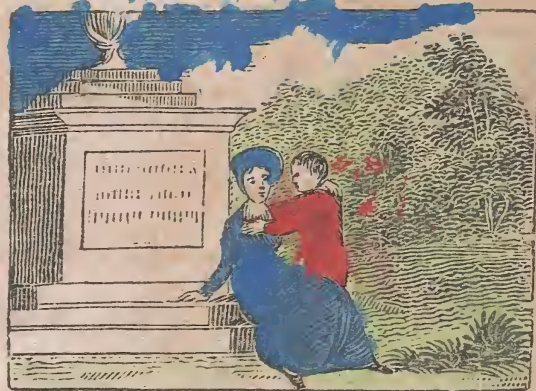
SPELLING LESSON.

hill-side	season	weeping
moping	attire	dearly
kitten	dewy	apple
honest	singing	laughing
nimble	dearest	amidst
sleeping	hopping	resume
cheerly	weather	insects
includes	little	leafy
fragrance	beneath	silent
flutter	brother	beauty

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even-tide	frequently	joyously
another	together	generous
reposes	every	agreeable





## THE HILL-SIDE.

I dearly love the hill-side,  
That toward the sun is sloping,  
At morning or at even-tide,  
When merry or when moping.

I love that sloping hill-side,  
For there, in pleasant weather,  
The kittens play their seek and hide,  
And romp about together.

And there the little lambs meet  
With honest little faces,

The grass beneath their nimble feet,  
They run their merry races.

But more I love the hill-side,  
That, with my little brother,  
We often on our sleds did slide  
In joy with one another.

And, Oh ! I love that hill-side,  
For there the boy is sleeping,  
And there at quiet even-tide  
My mother oft is weeping.

And yet she loves the hill-side,  
And kisses me so cheerly  
When there we meet at even-tide—  
I love, I love it dearly !





## SPRING.

SPRING begins with March, and includes March, April and May. March is a cold month, but in April the weather grows milder, and in May the soft, warm showers call up the sleeping plants, and they put forth their bright flowers.

The apple trees, the peach trees, the pear trees, the plum trees, are all in bloom, and the very air is full of their fragrance.

The snow is gone from the mountains and the valleys; the bright full streams go laughing down the hill-sides, and the merry birds sing and flutter amidst the trees.

What a happy season is spring! How glad is the face of every thing! The hills resume their gay attire; the woods put on their leaves; the insects buzz joyously in the breeze, and the merry school-boy's shout is heard from hill to hill.

The farmer now begins to plough the ground, and prepare it to plant the corn, and sow the wheat, rye, and oats.

The gardeners dig up the earth, and plant potatoes, and sow beets, carrots, lettuce, and other things.

How pleasant it is to work in the garden! How delightful to prune the trees and shrubs!

How nice is the milk which the cows afford, now that they feed on the fresh grass!





## TO A VIOLET IN SPRING.

LITTLE flower! I love to meet  
Thee peeping from thy grassy bed,  
For thou tell'st of winter fled,  
And thy breath is very sweet.

Thou tell'st of Spring and blooming roses,  
Of leafy trees where birds are singing,  
Of valleys where the morn comes ringing,  
Or where the silent noon reposes.

So, little flower, go with me now,  
To one I love the dearest, best,  
One who, with youth and beauty blest,  
Brings hopes and thoughts as bright as thou.

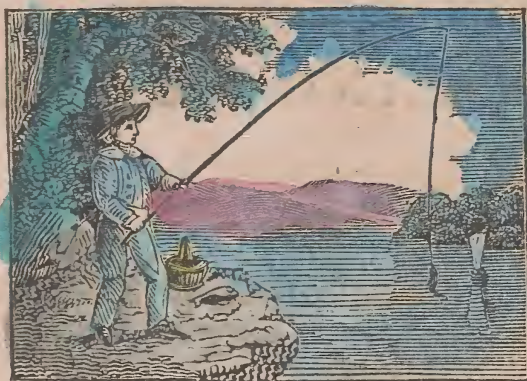
## SPELLING LESSONS.

fable	whirling	native
fancy	master	pieces
hardly	advice	swimming
fashions	struggled	current
declared	readers	delight
trouble	pleasant	staying
devour	wiser	breakfast
outlet	meaning	instant
himself	merry	never
musty	wisely	silly

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cataract	delicious	contented
fisherman	disobeyed	conceited
understood	encircled	swallowing





## FABLE.

I WILL now tell you a little story called a fable, which will teach you that it is best to obey your parents, who are much wiser than you. I do not mean that it is all true; it is only a fancy tale; but you will see that there is a true meaning in it.

In the winter, the fishes live in the brooks and rivers, but they are so cold as to be hardly able to move. When Spring comes, and the ice melts, and the water grows warm, they feel very happy. They then glide and shoot through the clear water, and play with each other in a merry fashion.

Well, in a nice, bright little pond, there once lived a family of fishes, called trouts. The pond was on a mountain, and it was so encircled by rocks and trees, that no fisherman ever came there with his cruel hook. So all the fishes were quite safe, and most of them were contented and happy.

But at length, one of the fishes began to think that he was wiser than any body else, and declared that he would leave this miserable little pond, and go and see the big ponds and rivers, which he understood were to be found near by.

Now his father and mother told this conceited trout that he was very well off in his native pond, and that if he left it he might get into trouble. They told him of the cataracts over which he might be dashed in pieces, and of the big fishes that might devour him if he left his home.

But all this had no effect. The little trout stole away one dark night, and swimming to the outlet of the pond, he was carried by a swift current over some



rocks, till at length he found himself in a large, fine lake.

It was now a bright morning, and the trout began to shoot and glance about in great delight. "What a pair of old musty fools my parents are," said he to himself, "to stay in that little mountain brook, and to think of keeping me there too."

While he was saying this, he saw a worm come whirling down by him, attached to a string. "Ah ha," said master trout, "this is a fine country indeed. Not only is the water very clear, but people bring the worms to our very mouths. Oh! delicious worm! what a fine breakfast you will make me!"

So saying, he dashed at the worm, seized him in his mouth, and was on the point of swallowing him, when he was jerked out of the water, and in an instant was caught by the fisherman.

The poor fish flounced and jumped and tried to get away, but in vain. He now thought of his parents and

their good advice, and wished with all his heart that he had never disobeyed them.

But it was of no use now ; his repentance was too late. He struggled for a little time, and then he died. He was then taken to the fisherman's house, and being fried in fat, was eaten up, and there was the end of this silly trout.

I hope none of my readers will, like this fish, disobey their parents. They may be sure that their parents know best what is good for them, and it is always safest to take their advice.

I know it sometimes seems very pleasant to children to do as they please. But let me tell you of a fly, who wished to do as he pleased.

He wanted to go into a bottle that had molasses in it. His mother told him not to go. But he chose to do as he pleased.

So the little fly went in. Pretty soon his legs got stuck in the molasses ; unable to get out, he died in the bottle.



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SPELLING LESSONS.

lovely	honey	kitten
truly	fragrant	catches
jolly	replied	device
busy	insect	amongst
readers	gather	daisies
hopping	includes	meadows
pursuit	sparkling	farewell
hollow	august	employ
stealing	creatures	wisely
silly	cheerful	future

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delightful	plundering	untiring
innocent	every	butterfly
attending	importance	business



## SUMMER.

It is now Summer. The Summer begins with June, the most lovely month of the year. It includes June, July and August.

How warm it is in Summer, and how pleasant to see the men mow the grass ! How sweet is the smell of the new-mown hay !

It is truly a delightful season. In the morning, the grass and bushes and flowers are sparkling with dew, and the birds are busy on every tree : some are taking care of their eggs, and some are feeding their young ones.

They all seem too busy to play ; they are engaged



in cares of too much importance. How happy are these innocent creatures in thus attending to their nests!

I hope none of my readers will ever disturb any of these pleasant little folks in their cheerful occupations. I hope none of them will ever rob their nests of the eggs, or carry off the young birds.

It is much pleasanter to let them alone, and watch their labors; to see the robin, with its red breast and its yellow beak, hopping amidst the grass, in search of worms.

Look at the swallow gliding hither and thither, with an untiring wing, in pursuit of flies. See the wren as he catches a bug, and hies home with it to feed his young ones, who dwell in the hollow of a post near the barn.

If we will watch the birds in this way, we may derive far more pleasure from them, than we can by stealing their eggs, or plundering them of their young ones.

## THINGS TO REMEMBER AT TABLE.

1. Never take salt with your knife ; take it with the salt spoon.
2. Put your food into your mouth with your fork, and not with your knife.
3. Eat quietly, without noise, and not ravenously, like a dog.
4. Do not take meat with your own fork ; ask some one to help you.
5. Take butter with the butter knife, and not with your own knife.
6. Do at the table as well-bred people do.
7. Never talk loud at table.
8. When a person helps you to any thing, say, *thank you.*





## THE BOY AND BEE.

A LITTLE boy, one Summer day,  
Went out among the flowers to play,  
And there he met a little bee,  
And thus he spoke,—“Come, play with me:  
Come, pretty insect, for an hour,  
And let us roam from flower to flower;  
We'll seek the rose and lilies light,  
And roam among the daisies white,  
And thus, my pretty bee, we'll play  
The merry summer morn away.”  
But thus the bee replied,—“My boy,  
I must not so my time employ.

From morn to night, each busy hour,  
I roam about from flower to flower,  
And gather honey soft and sweet,  
And store it with my little feet.  
I store it safely in the cell,  
And my nice work, I do it well;  
For soon the winter's blast will blow,  
And wrap the meadows all in snow,  
And when the fragrant flowers are dead  
How shall the little bee be fed?  
But for the honey in his cell,  
The bee would die, and so farewell;  
Go seek some bug or butterfly,  
For I must be at work—good bye!”  
The bee thus spoke and buzzed away,  
And thus the little boy did say—  
“If this poor insect lives so well,  
And wisely stores his little cell,  
Shall I be idle all the day,  
And waste my summer hours in play?”



No, no ; I'll go and get my book,  
And on its pleasant pages look.  
I'll learn to read, and learn to spell,  
And store my mind as bees their cell ;  
In life's sweet summer I will lay  
Up stores against a winter day,  
And now that life is full of flowers,  
I'll gather sweets for future hours."

---

### THINGS TO REMEMBER.

1. When you read a book, try to learn something good from it.
2. When you go to school, obey the teacher.
3. When your parents send you of an errand, go and return quickly.
4. Never tell a wrong story, and then say it was only make believe.

## SPELLING LESSONS.

autumn	winter	forsake
turnips	southern	chillness
plenty	laughing	prithee
varied	cannot	moaning
whirling	bitter	shelter
squirrels	prowling	mildest
supplied	carrots	insects
sadness	cellar	joyous
cherished	forest	other
bosom	driving	adieu
northern	whisper	famished

---

september	to-morrow	november
october	repented	potatoes
finally	hovering	thanksgiving





## AUTUMN.

THE Autumn comes after the Summer. It consists of three months, September, October, and November.

The fruits are now ripe, and the farmer is gathering in his corn, his potatoes, his apples for the winter, his oats, his carrots and his turnips.

These he stows away in the barn and cellar, so that he and his cattle may have plenty to eat during the long winter that is coming.

The nights now begin to be cold, and the white frost kills the grass and the flowers. It falls upon the

green leaves of the forest, turning some of them yellow, some red, some brown, and some purple.

How bright, varied and beautiful are the forest trees in October! But soon, the chill winds come with driving rain; the leaves are sent whirling to the ground; and the trees, lately so fair and green, are desolate and bare. The wind sighs between them, and they seem to whisper to each other in sad and mournful tones.

But still the Autumn is pleasing. It is very pleasant, on a fair day in November, to take a stroll through a forest, and pick up the nuts that lie scattered on the ground.

It is pleasant to take Dash, or Pincher, or Tray with you, and see him bark at the squirrels that hide amidst the stones, or chatter from the limbs of the trees.

And, finally, Autumn is pleasant when it brings with it Thanksgiving day; a day when all, the poor as well as the rich, are supplied with poultry and pumpkin pies, and when every heart rises in thanks to God for the plenty with which he has blessed them.





## TO A BIRD IN AUTUMN.

A LITTLE GIRL SPEAKS TO THE BIRD.

LITTLE bird, do n't go away !  
Little bird, I prithee stay !  
Stay and make my bosom glad,  
Stay and do not make me sad.  
I love thy little song at night,  
I love it with the morning light ;  
So, little bird, I prithee stay,  
And do not, do not go away !

## LITTLE BIRD.

Little miss, I hear the wail  
Of winter in the northern gale,  
I hear it moaning in the trees,  
I feel it in the chilling breeze.  
Soon the sleet and frosty snow  
Its mantle o'er the hills will throw,  
And I in vain shall seek to find  
My food, or shelter from the wind.  
So I, my little friend, must fly  
To save my life—good bye, good bye!

---

## THINGS TO REMEMBER.

1. Never speak to any one in an angry and harsh voice.
2. Do not say, I won't! I sha' n't!
3. Never strike your little brothers, or sisters, or playmates.



## SONG OF AUTUMN.

OH mother, mother, tell me why  
The leaves all dead and scattered lie;  
Why are the fragrant lilies dead?  
Why are the pinks and daisies fled?  
Why is the grass, so lately green,  
Now drooping, brown and withered seen?  
Why have the birds all flown away,  
And left the woods so lone and grey?  
Why have the forest walks a sound  
So strange and hollow all around?  
Why do the hills, that gave me gladness,  
Speak to my heart a secret sadness?

I'll tell you, child—the summer flies,  
And its soft winds forsake the skies.  
A stealing chillness comes at night,  
And o'er the valley throws its blight;  
The pale frost falls when all are sleeping,

Kisses the flowers, and leaves them weeping.  
They droop and on the morrow die ;  
The dead leaves on the cold winds fly ;  
The gay birds feel the coming gale,  
And leave the enchanted hill and vale—  
They seek another clime, and leave  
Thy little heart a while to grieve :  
But be not sad—the winter o'er,  
The smiling spring will come once more,  
And, decked in flowers, the hill and plain  
Ring with the birds' sweet lays again.

---

### THINGS TO REMEMBER AT CHURCH.

1. Sit quietly, and speak to no one, but when necessary.
2. Listen to the Preacher, and remember what he says.
3. Listen to the prayers, and pray with others.
4. Listen to the hymns, and remember the words as well as you can.



## PART III.

## SPELLING LESSONS.

three	cold	some	nuts
parts	snow	deep	shall
bride	leaves	grass	fire
ice	air	teeth	yes
still	glide	sleigh	hear

---

wednesday	person	fingers
winter	story	pleasant
rivers	thursday	stories

---

december	february	unfriended
january	saturday	fluttering

## THE SPIDER, A FABLE.

A SPIDER had made himself a nice dwelling in the corner of a room, but a woman, who was very neat, came along with a broom and swept the web away in an instant. The spider tumbled to the floor, and in fear of being killed, hid himself behind a trunk.

After a while he crept forth, and finding the window open, escaped. He soon came to a place in the grass, where he found a young spider with a web all neatly woven to the ground ; so he, being very strong, turned out the young spider, and took possession of his dwelling.

Now this reminds me of some little boys and girls, who snatch things away from those who are younger than themselves, and thus take what is not their own. Such children are like the wicked old spider I have been speaking of.





## THE ROBINS.

ONCE, on a chill November day,  
Two robins sat upon a spray ;  
And thus the old one spoke,—“ ’T is time,  
My child, to seek a milder clime,  
For soon the wintry winds will blow,  
And these fair lands be wrapped in snow ;  
Then we should seek o’er hill and plain  
For worms and insects all in vain.  
To-morrow, then, at dawn of day,  
We ’ll start, my child, and be away ;  
We ’ll go to some fair southern scene,  
Where the soft hills are ever green ;

Where winter, with its chilling breath,  
Ne'er comes to strew the fields with death;  
And there we'll joyous feast and sing,  
Till winter's past, and laughing spring  
Returns and strews with flowers the plain,  
And calls us to these woods again."

Thus spoke the elder bird; the other  
First jerked his tail; then to his mother  
He pertly said, "Well, you may go,  
But I will stay and risk the snow;  
I fear no winter's frosty gale,  
No driving sleet, or clattering hail;  
Beside, I love the hill, the dell,  
The plain, the valley, all too well—  
I cannot leave them, so adieu."

And thus away the robin flew.  
But, Oh! how soon the silly bird  
Repented that he had not heard,  
And listened to his mother's tale;  
For soon the winter's bitter gale



Came roaring on with sleet and snow,  
And the poor robin, faint and low,  
Unfriended, famished and alone,  
Sat shivering on a cold grey stone.  
A prowling owl came hovering near,—  
The robin's heart beat quick with fear;  
But his light wing, which once could rise  
On the blue air, and win the skies,  
Was stiff and cold; and though he tried,  
In vain his fluttering pinions plied,—  
He fell upon the ground, and there  
The hungry owl did pick him bare.





## WINTER.

THERE are three winter months, December, January and February ; the weather is cold in winter, and in some parts of the country the snow is very deep.

The birds are now gone from the trees ; the leaves, and the grass, and the flowers are dead ; the rivers are covered with ice, and the air is so cold that it seems to bite the nose and fingers as if it had teeth.

But still, it is pleasant to glide over the snow in a sled or sleigh, and at night it is pleasant to sit by a bright fire and eat nuts and hear some person tell stories.

Shall I tell you a story of a winter night ? I suppose you will say yes ; so, after a spelling lesson, you shall have the story.



---

SPELLING LESSONS.

valley	distress	pursued
occurred	wrapping	often
hardly	rugged	children
heaping	entered	howling
around	human	surprise
farmer	carried	towards
frosty	chatter	pinions

---

hickory	attempted	piteous
listening	eagerly	proceeded
hastily	quantity	discovered
however	suddenly	happiness
continued	unhappy	verily
determined	beseeching	untruly



## A WINTER STORY.

MANY years ago, there was a farmer who lived in a valley between two mountains. The place was wild and solitary, and in winter few persons travelled that way.

It was on a winter night that what I am going to relate occurred. The ground was covered with snow, and the roads were buried in the deep drifts, so that it was hardly possible for a sleigh or even a horse to get along.

The weather was exceedingly cold and stormy; but the farmer had plenty of oak and hickory wood, and



heaping a great quantity upon the fire, he and his family were quite happy by the bright blaze.

They sat around the fire, some of them cracking nuts, others eating apples, and others listening to a story, which the farmer was telling of his eldest son.

The story was this:—When this son was about ten years old, he was at work in the valley by his father's side. Near them was a group of bushes, in which some Indians lay concealed.

The farmer did not see these Indians, till, suddenly springing from the copse, they seized the boy, and hastily fled with him into the woods. The father pursued, but he could not find either the Indians or his child.

Several years had now passed away, and all hopes of his return had fled. Often and often had the father and mother sighed over the loss of their boy, and often had the brothers and sisters wept at his unhappy story.

Still, it was pleasant to talk of him, and the poor

farmer was frequently heard to tell the story, painful as it might seem, to the children.

The story had just now been told for the hundredth time, and the cheeks of the boys and girls were yet wet, when the howling of a dog was heard at the door. The sound was strange and unexpected, and each member of the family looked round, with a gaze of surprise and expectation.

The farmer however went to the door. He there found a large, shaggy dog, covered with snow and frost, for the night, as I have said, was cold, and exceedingly stormy. He told the dog to come in, but he would not enter; he only howled and looked piteously towards the woods, as if beseeching the farmer to go in that direction.

The good man began to fear that some one was in distress, and as the dog continued to howl, and would run a little toward the wood, and then return with a fawning and piteous look, he had no doubt that his fears were well founded.



He immediately determined to follow the dog, and wrapping himself in a wolf-skin coat, he went forth. The wind roared through the trees, and the snow came pouring over the tops of the mountains in innumerable flakes, but the kind heart of the farmer did not shrink from his duty.

The dog led the way, and the farmer followed. The snow was so deep, and the way through the wood so rugged, that they did not proceed very fast. They went on however for nearly an hour.

At length, they came to a cave in a rock, and the dog entered. The farmer hesitated, but getting on his hands and knees, he went into the cave. It was so dark that he could see nothing, but he heard some one groan.

He proceeded to the place where the sound came from, and found there a human being. He spoke, but no one answered. He attempted to raise the person upon his feet, but found that he could not stand.

He then determined to carry him to his house. The farmer was a strong man; so, taking the person on

his shoulder, he forced his way through the deep snow to his house.

He now discovered that it was a young man, bruised as if by a fall, and faint from the loss of blood. The farmer's wife did every thing she could, but it was a long time before the poor youth could speak.

When he did speak, his voice sounded familiar to the ears of all. "Surely," said the farmer, "I have heard that voice before."

The idea now came into the mind of the farmer's wife, that it was her son. She looked eagerly in the face of the young man, and exclaimed, "My son, my son!"

It was really her son, and he was soon able to tell his story. It appeared that he had been carried into captivity by the Indians, and after suffering many hardships, had escaped.

He had wandered several days in the woods, when by chance he fell from a rock, and was badly bruised. He was only able to crawl into the cave, where he was rescued by his father.





## THE LAMBS, CATS AND DOGS.

COME, little Henry, come and see  
The lambs that yonder run :  
They skip and scamper merrily,  
And have a deal of fun.

Now look at yonder dog and cat,  
And see them snarl and snap :  
Each looks as surly as a rat  
That's got into a trap.

And why the little lambs so gay,  
So happy on the hill ?—

Because they 're gentle in their play,  
And love each other well.

And why the cat and dog so sad,  
So wretched and so grey?—  
Their tempers, they are very bad,  
They 'd rather fight than play.

And now, my little Henry, hear,—  
Would you be glad and gay,  
Like lambs, be ever kind, my dear,  
To all who with you play.

And do not, like a dog or cat,  
Be spiteful to another—  
Let children all be kind, and that  
Will make them love each other.





## NANCY RAY.

A STORY OF A LITTLE GIRL WHO LOST HER BIRD.

My bird is dead,  
Said Nancy Ray,  
My bird is dead,  
I cannot play.

He sang so sweetly,  
Every day,  
He sings no more,  
I cannot play.

Go put his cage  
Far, far away,  
I do not love  
His cage to day.

She wiped her eyes,  
Poor Nancy Ray,  
And sat and sighed,  
But could not play.







## THE SUN.

THE sun rises in the east. The sun sets in the west. When the sun rises it is morning. When the sun sets it is evening.

The sun makes it warm by day, and thus it causes the flowers, plants and trees to grow. If the sun did not shine there would be no plants, or trees, or flowers; the earth would become frozen, and all men and animals would die.

In summer, the sun is nearly over our heads, and this is the reason that it is then so hot. In winter the sun is far to the south, and low down, and therefore it becomes cold; the streams are frozen, the leaves fall

from the trees, and the snow covers the earth. But although it is cold out of doors, we build good fires, and thus are comfortable and happy.

---



## THE MOON.

THE moon shines at night. Sometimes it is bent like a bow, and sometimes it is round. When it is quite round it is called the full moon.

The moon does not shed as much light as the sun; but it gives a mild and beautiful light, and thus often renders the night very pleasant, which otherwise would be dark and gloomy.



In summer it is delightful to walk forth by moonlight. The air then is soft, yet refreshing; the winds play gently amidst the trees and shrubs. The little streams, as they flow on, catch the beams of the moon, and seem to toss them about, as children play with little toys.

All around is still, so that you can hear the slightest noise. The shivering of the leaves seems like the whispers of people near; the sighing of the winds in the grass appears like the voice of some one flying unseen through the air.

The notes of a flute at a distance come to the ear with wonderful clearness; the rumbling of a wagon afar off sounds near at hand; and the baying of the watch dog on the distant hill seems as if it was at the next house.

And how beautiful are the trees in the moonlight. Every thing that is unpleasing is hidden by the darkness, and only that which is lovely comes to view. Thus, all that we see, all that we hear, all that we feel, brings us pleasure in the serene moonlight.

And how the sense of smell is regaled with the fragrance of flowers, and the sweet scent of the new-mown hay, at this delightful season! I hope my little readers will think of these things, and go forth, and see if they are not true; and when they find them to be so, I hope they will look up in thanksgiving to Him who has sent them, amid a thousand other blessings, the pleasures of the summer moonlight evening.

---



### THE STARS.

WHAT child is there, that has never looked up with wonder at the stars! I once knew a little boy, who,



after looking at them for a long time, went to his mother and said :

“Mother, you call these bright things in the sky, stars ; but I think that is not the right name for them.”

“Well, my child,” said his mother, “what do you think they are?”

“Why, I think they are God’s candles,” said the boy. And this idea is at once natural and beautiful. They indeed seem like lamps, set in the magnificent Hall of the Creator, to show forth its grandeur, and call upon the universe to worship Him who sitteth upon the throne, for ever and ever.

But whatever the stars may seem to be, we have reason to suppose that they are worlds, inhabited, like this earth, by countless multitudes of living beings.

How wonderful then are these shining orbs, and how great must He be, who in wisdom and goodness has made them all ! Let us look up to him with adoration, and indulge in the hope, that when we leave this earth, he will take us to heaven, where we may study the stars, and learn all the glorious things that God has done.

## ABOUT FIGURES.

I have told you about counting at page 31. I will now tell you about figures.

Twenty-one	21	Thirty-six	36
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Twenty-four	24	Thirty-nine	39
Twenty-five	25	Forty	40
Twenty-six	26	Forty-one	41
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Twenty-eight	28	Forty-three	43
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Thirty-two	32	Forty-seven	47
Thirty-three	33	Forty-eight	48
Thirty-four	34	Forty-nine	49
Thirty-five	35	Fifty	50



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Fifty-one	51	Seventy-one	71
Fifty-two	52	Seventy-two	72
Fifty-three	53	Seventy-three	73
Fifty-four	54	Seventy-four	74
Fifty-five	55	Seventy-five	75
Fifty-six	56	Seventy-six	76
Fifty-seven	57	Seventy-seven	77
Fifty-eight	58	Seventy-eight	78
Fifty-nine	59	Seventy-nine	79
Sixty	60	Eighty	80
Sixty-one	61	Eighty-one	81
Sixty-two	62	Eighty-two	82
Sixty-three	63	Eighty-three	83
Sixty-four	64	Eighty-four	84
Sixty-five	65	Eighty-five	85
Sixty-six	66	Eighty-six	86
Sixty-seven	67	Eighty-seven	87
Sixty-eight	68	Eighty-eight	88
Sixty-nine	69	Eighty-nine	89
Seventy	70	Ninety	90

---

Ninety-one	91	Ninety-six	96
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Ninety-three	93	Ninety-eight	98
Ninety-four	94	Ninety-nine	99
Ninety-five	95	One Hundred	100

---



## OF ANIMALS.

IF you look about, you will see various living things, called animals. Some live on the ground, others fly into the air, and others dwell in the waters.

Dogs, cats, cows, horses, sheep, bears, lions, ele-



phants, and many others, have four legs, and all animals which have four legs are called quadrupeds.

Now can you tell me whether a rabbit is a quadruped or not? And is a rat, or a mouse, a quadruped? Is a kitten a quadruped?

Birds have feathers, and almost all of them can fly. Some of them fly so easily, that they seem to live a great part of the time in the air. They are generally very beautiful, and most of them are very innocent creatures.

Little creatures like bees, bugs, flies, and butterflies, are called insects. They are small, and some of them live but a short time. In winter most of them die, and the rest creep into holes, and sleep till spring.

Fishes inhabit the waters. Some fishes are only as big as a pin's point, while others are as big as a wind-mill.



## BIRDS.

BY MRS. HALE.

If ever I see  
On bush or tree,  
Young birds in their pretty nest;  
I must not in my play  
Steal the birds away,  
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother I know  
Would sorrow so,  
Should I be stolen away;



So I'll speak to the birds,  
In my sweetest words,  
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly  
In the bright blue sky,  
They'll warble a song to me;  
And then if I am sad  
It will make me glad,  
To think they are happy and free.



## MORE ABOUT FIGURES

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## FAREWELL!

Now, my little reader, we have come to the end of the book, and I must bid you farewell. I am an old man, and may never talk to you again. Before we part, let me give you a little advice.

You are now a little child; you are but a few years old, and have not much knowledge. Therefore, listen to your parents; they are older than you; they know better what is good for you. It is wise for you always to do what they command, and never to do what they forbid.

There was once a little child sitting on the ground.



A wasp came crawling near. The child put out her hand to catch the wasp.

The child's mother spoke, and told the child not to touch the wasp; "For it has a sharp sting," said she, "and if you touch it, it will hurt you cruelly."

Now the silly child would not mind its mother. So she reached out her hand, and took the wasp in her fingers. The insect then run its sting into her thumb, and hurt her very much. The child screamed with pain, and for a long time was in great distress.

Now, you see that this child's mother knew more than she did, and if she had taken her mother's advice, she would have escaped the pain of being stung by a wasp.

I hope my little readers will also remember that there is a great and good Being in Heaven, to whom they must pray every night and morning; one who sees them in all their walks, and in all their ways; one who hates a lie, and punishes the deceiver.

Be all my little readers will also be kind and gentle to their brothers and sisters, and playfellows. In-

dulge in no hard words; be guilty of no ill-natured tricks; tell no ill-natured tales. Do to other children as they would wish other children to do to them.

I hope my little friends will all learn to read and spell and write. When their parents or teachers set them a lesson, I hope they will be patient, and attend to it well. If you are set to learn some lines by heart, or to get a spelling lesson, study it well, and do not say it till you know every word and letter.

And now, my dear reader, Old Peter Parley, who has made this book for your amusement, wishes you may be good, wise and happy, and commending you to God, bids you farewell!


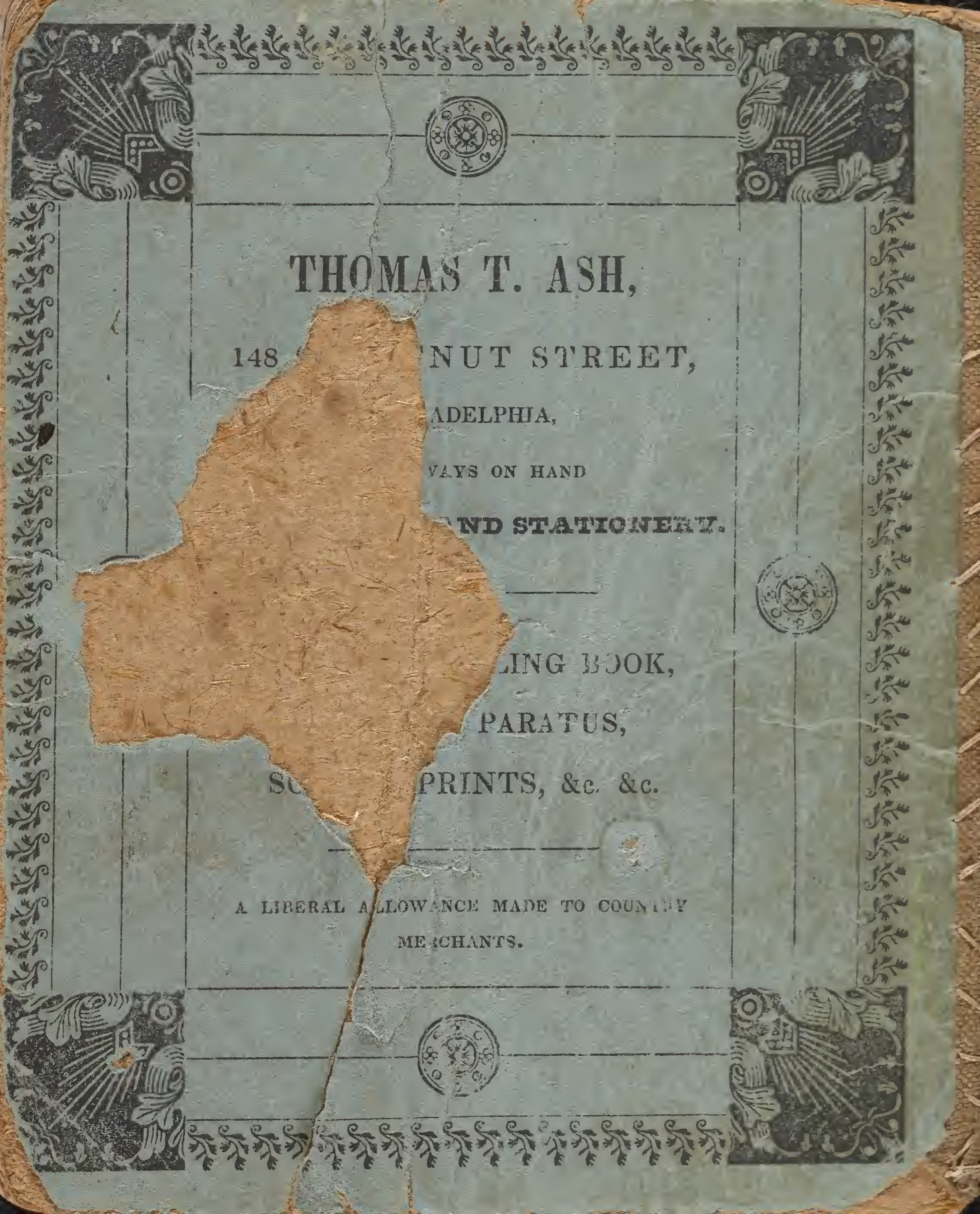


ground.










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